Tajemnica egzotycznego władcy

ANGIELSKI Z DETEKTYWEM

Secret of an exotic ruler

Felberg SJA

Anna Kowalczyk

Secret of an Exotic Ruler

Anna Kowalczyk

Felberg SJA

Warsaw 2006

Series Editor: Adam Wolański

Reviewer: *Dariusz Kętla*

Copy editor: *Natica Schmeder*

Production editor: *Barbara Gluza*

Cover designer: *Michał Dąbrowski*

DTP: *Krzysztof Świstak*

Text and illustrations
copyright © by FELBERG SJA
Publishing House, 2006

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the Publisher.

Printed in Poland

ISBN 83-88667-53-X

Konwersja: Nexto Digital Services

Spis treści

Strona tytułowa
PROLOGUE
CHAPTER 1
CHAPTER 2
CHAPTER 3
CHAPTER 4
CHAPTER 5
EXERCISES

PROLOGUE

That evening the fog over London was extremely dense. The streets were nearly empty and almost quiet.

On the river a small steamship "Atticos" was signaling with a special warning siren that it was coming into the port. It had just arrived in London from Piraeus and was carrying a load of coal.

"Atticos" was planning to dock in the main port but because of the weather it had to stop at Millwa Pier, in a less crowded area.

A customs officer came on board and was talking with the crew. They all thought that London at the moment was very unpleasant so the sailors offered a glass of hot grog to their guest.

The ship was rocking slowly, bumping the post to which she was tied. Suddenly, a man jumped from the ship and landed on the pier. He did it so quietly that nobody paid any attention. He ran quickly towards the lights on West Ferry Road. When he reached Malabar Street, he saw a drunk man walking close to the curb. A big truck, driving very fast, was approaching him.

The man who had escaped from "Atticos" jumped at the drunken fellow and stabbed him in the back with a knife. The victim fell directly under the wheels of the truck . . .

The attacker laughed loudly, put the knife back into his pocket and started singing a strange song: "La . . . ita . . . Lala . . . Liia-ta!"

And that is how Mr. Hingle arrived in London.

CHAPTER 1

A STRANGE SURPRISE

"Thirty unexplained murders in three weeks! Gentlemen, do you realize what this means for us?" said Sir Austin, head of the police, to all the main employees of Scotland Yard. "It's not the first time that the newspapers accuse us of being cowardly. But this time I'm afraid they are right. Yes, gentlemen, the journalists expect some action from us. So we have to concentrate all our energy on this case . . ."

A telephone on Sir Austin's desk rang and interrupted him. He picked up the receiver and listened for a moment. Then he put it down and said:

"Detectives Morris, Lorkins, Driskoll and Maxwell have just reported that two heads, cut off the bodies, were brought in a box of fruit to Scotland Yard an hour ago. The victims belong to different social groups. One is a homeless man, the other a young engineer from Drayton. And, as before, somebody put a letter into the box, too: 'Regards from Mr. Hingle.' And directions to where we can find the bodies. Our detectives went there and indeed found them. As usual they hadn't been robbed. I'm sure you remember that after the first murder Mr. Hingle explained that he's not a criminal, he's a murderer. And now we have just found out about the thirty second murder committed by this man. Yet we still know nothing about him.

I understand very well why society is not satisfied with our work. All the newspapers, even foreign ones, criticize us. Look at this example from the French 'Matin': 'Dead bodies of three servants, who were coming back from a party, were found in the port. Their stomachs were cut open. The dead Colonel

Thomson was found in a cinema at the end of a movie. He had a knife stabbed into his back. The people next to him didn't see anything. They thought the man was asleep. An officer was killed in broad daylight in front of the Ministry of Military Affairs . . .' I'm not going to read any more. You know as well as I do this awful list of Mr. Hingle's victims."

Sir Austin crumpled up the newspaper but then a name printed at the bottom attracted his attention.

"They are right!" he exclaimed.

"Why? What is it?" the other policemen asked.

"The article finishes with the following sentence: 'Doesn't England have Harry Dickson?'"

There was silence in the room.

It was true, the police sometimes used the services of the famous detective but they did so only when they had no other choice. But wasn't the situation hopeless now?

"Inspector Goldfield!" Sir Austin said.

"Yes, sir!"

"Aren't you Mr. Dickson's friend?"

"I believe I am, sir," Goldfield answered.

"So tell me please what Harry Dickson says about this case?"

"Unfortunately, I don't know . . ."

Sir Austin hit the table with his fist.

"Don't tell jokes, Goldfield! I know very well that you inform Mr. Dickson about every theft that takes place in this town so it's impossible that you haven't talked to him about these horrible murders."

"I don't understand it myself, sir! For the last three weeks I have been trying to contact my friend but nobody knows what has happened to him and his assistant Tom Wills."

"Impossible! What about Mrs. Crown, his housekeeper?"

"She is used to Mr. Dickson's strange behavior but this time even she is worried."

"His disappearance must be connected with Mr. Hingle's case, then," the head of the police cried.

"I repeat it to myself a hundred times a day but I am more and more afraid that . . . No, I don't even want to think about it. It isn't possible that the country's finest detective has been killed by this awful murderer."

"Mr. Hingle probably wanted to eliminate his greatest enemy," Sir Austin said. "But it's strange that the press didn't ask Dickson for help."

"It's because of the fact that the newspapers wrote a few weeks ago that Mr. Dickson and his assistant were planning to go to Buenos Aires to attack some slave traders. This information is of course untrue but I've decided not to correct it," Goldfield explained.

"Yes, that was a good idea," Sir Austin agreed. "But now your task

is to find the detective, and remember that neither the press nor the public can find out about it."

After a short discussion, which did not result in any solution to the problem, Sir Austin finished the meeting.

Goldfield didn't feel hungry so he decided to take a walk along the Thames before dinner. The evening was quite cold but the air was fresh. The inspector sat down on a bench and looked at the river.

From now on he would have to solve all the criminal puzzles alone. Up to now he had been supported by the great detective. Once he even managed to outwit his friend, but generally he knew how clever Harry Dickson was. There were several dangerous situations which they had experienced together. Because of such moments they were very close friends. Tears came to the inspector's eyes . . . He was sure that Dickson was dead.

Suddenly, a young man who looked like a homeless person came up to him and sat down on the bench.

"Good evening, sir."

"Leave me alone!" Goldfield said.

Another man, a tramp, stood behind the bench.

"This cigarette-butt in my mouth is the last one that I have. Unless you offer me another one, that is," he said.

"Get lost, the two of you," Goldfield replied very angrily.

"This gentleman," the young man explained, "thinks I am Mr. Hingle and want to attack him."

"Ha, ha, ha . . . What a good joke!" the tramp laughed.

"I will order the police to arrest you," the inspector shouted.

"Can three weeks change a person so much?" the tramp asked.

Goldfield looked at him surprised.

"This cigarette-butt in my mouth is the last one that I have. Unless you offer me another one, that is.

"What are you talking about? . . ." he had a strange feeling. "Oh, God! . . . Is it true or is it just a dream?"

The tramp hit him with his fist, laughing again.

"It's not a dream, Goldfield, is it?"

The policeman was so shocked and happy that he nearly cried.

"Harry Dickson! Tom Wills! Why did you leave us and didn't send any message? Where have you been?" Goldfield said, a bit angry.

"Hingle, my dear inspector," the detective answered.

Goldfield sighed.

"So have you found anything?"

"Hm, not really . . ."

"What a pity! You are as helpless as us."

"Me? You are wrong, my dear."

"So, you know something?"

"Do I know anything? Well, that's my business," the detective replied.

"I'm begging you. Tell me, please. I'm so curious."

"Ok, but you have to promise that you will keep everything a secret."

"I promise!" the inspector exclaimed.

Harry Dickson smiled.

"You don't know how difficult it will be to keep it a secret."

"It doesn't matter! Tell me!"

"Unfortunately, I don't know much about Mr. Hingle's case at the moment."

"So people in London will still be afraid of this awful murderer . . ."

"No, Goldfield! Catching the guilty person doesn't mean solving the puzzle."

"So you know who Mr. Hingle is?"

"It's hard to say. You can stand face to face with someone and still not know who he really is."

"I don't understand anything," the inspector said rather depressed.

"Well, it's a fact that I have caught Mr. Hingle."

"Impossible!" Goldfield shouted.

"Yes, I have caught and imprisoned the criminal but this is just the beginning of the case!"

●●●

The next three weeks passed and, as Harry Dickson had said, all the murders in London stopped.

Goldfield was becoming enormously impatient. He kept asking the detective to explain the secret to him. He used a lot of arguments saying even that Dickson had no right to hide the criminal.

But the detective wouldn't change his mind.

"Mr. Hingle is mine! All mine!" he repeated.

Goldfield sighed deeply at such moments and sometimes he thought that the murderer was already dead, shot by Dickson. It would be a nice solution, especially for Scotland Yard.

Around this time public opinion was focused on a different event. An Afghan prince, Am Doullah, was supposed to visit old England to demonstrate his friendship with the Royal Family.

Many guests from the East had come to London before but he was the richest person who had ever arrived. He had his own luxurious yacht which was like a palace from the tales of 1001 nights.

The Prince was coming with a large number of servants and he had rented Lord Hannover's palace to stay in.

Scotland Yard was informed that a big exhibition of sapphires and emeralds, which the Prince always took with him, would be displayed in the Blue Room of the palace.

The police needed very good detectives to protect the jewels. Names of carefully selected candidates were presented to the Ambassador of Afghanistan who either accepted or rejected each candidate.

"Don't forget, Sir Austin, that you are protecting a treasure worth 16 million pounds."

"I know my employees and I can guarantee that they are honest. But we may have problems with the worst thieves in this town. Perhaps we could ask Harry Dickson to help us?"

The Ambassador was extremely happy with this idea.

"Excellent, sir. I have heard, though, that he is not at your service."

Sir Austin bowed his head.

"I'm afraid it is true. He is independent."

"I know that but I'm pleased by your suggestion. I will invite Mr. Dickson not only as a detective but also as a guest. I will introduce him to His Highness and I am sure he will be very pleased. The Prince is interested in criminology and will enjoy meeting the most famous detective of our century."

Sir Austin couldn't expect better news. Harry Dickson would protect the treasure!

Both gentlemen said goodbye very satisfied.

CHAPTER 2

AN UNEXPLAINED ATTACK

The next day Lord Hannover's palace was lit with a thousand lights. All the richest and most famous people in London arrived to welcome the exotic guest.

Harry Dickson realized very quickly that the invitation from the Prince meant that there was something important he wanted from the detective.

That is why he decided to go to the party in casual clothes risking that one of the servants would not let him in and ask him to change. But Tom Wills had to wear his most elegant suit.

The assistant guessed immediately what his boss was going to do.

"You can mislead our friend Goldfield but not me, sir. You are planning a small deception, aren't you?"

The detective smiled.

"You are getting better, my boy! I have noticed that it's more and more difficult to hide anything from you. So you know that you are going to replace me at the party and I will take a look at what is happening behind the main rooms."

"So, you won't come to the party at all?"

"I probably will. See you later," the detective said enthusiastically.

Tom went to Lord Hannover's palace by taxi and Harry Dickson took a bus going to Covent Garden. He passed the main entrance, walked around the house and found a small

door for servants. He took only a few steps when he heard somebody's voice:

"Mr. Dickson!"

He turned round and saw a policeman in a helmet.

"Would you come with me to the caretaker's room, please?" he asked politely.

The room was on the left side of the entrance and Dickson saw through the window a few shadows inside.

He looked at the policeman and realized that he didn't know him. There was nothing strange in this fact but it attracted his attention anyway.

He pushed open the door and went in. There were two more policemen and a well-dressed gentleman together with a woman in an apron.

"What is this all about?" the detective asked.

The policeman who had brought him in said:

"Mr. Dickson, we are here to protect His Highness Prince Am Doullah. This woman who says that she is the caretaker looks suspicious."

Harry Dickson was listening but his thoughts were occupied by something else. He noticed that the policemen's skin was quite dark, they had black eyes and hooked noses. Their faces were similar to the faces of the gentleman and the woman.

"Suspicious?" Dickson asked. "Take her to Scotland Yard, then, and question her there."

While he was saying this, he also noticed that the police uniforms were completely new and the badge on the helmet was in the wrong place.

One of the false policemen was holding the woman's arm.

"Let her go!" Dickson said to him.

He looked at the detective a bit worried but did not react to the request. Harry Dickson understood that the man didn't speak English.

Suddenly, all the people in the room surrounded him. The gentleman raised his walking stick, the woman grabbed a rubber baton but they did not come any closer to the detective. They actually started to move away from him.

Dickson realized that he was in real danger. Under the carpet was a trap! He jumped like a cat, grabbed the baton from the woman's hands but a second later he was lying on the floor.

He didn't know what had happened. Everything was spinning in front of his eyes: the walls, the ceiling and the furniture. He heard some screams and then it went very quiet.

Harry Dickson rubbed his eyes thinking that he had been dreaming. Everything was in the right position. There were no policemen, no gentleman and no woman.

"The trap!" he whispered and pulled up the carpet. The floor under it was smooth and clean.

The detective took a chair and threw it on the floor. Nothing happened. He didn't understand anything but he was sure that

soon everything would become clear. He decided to go to the party.

"I've just come back from a trip," he apologized for his unsuitable clothes.

He was let in and a little old man came up to him from the crowd of guests.

"Am Doullah!" people whispered.

He was wearing rich clothes and on his head was a turban. He was with Sir Austin.

About three steps from the detective the head of the police exclaimed:

"He's here, Your Highness! Let me introduce Harry Dickson to you."

"Mr. Dickson, I'm so glad to meet you!" the Prince said in perfect English and reached out his hand. "I am happy you have accepted my invitation," he continued shaking the detective's hand. "Sir Austin has told me so much about you. I couldn't wait to meet you and to talk about a case which is at the moment extremely interesting to me. Do you know what I am talking about? About Mr. Hingle's case, of course."

"Mr. Dickson, I'm so glad to meet you!" the Prince said in perfect English and reached out his hand.

Harry Dickson bowed and said:

"I'm very sorry, Your Highness, but I can't tell you anything about that case."

The Prince looked disappointed.

"In my country you would be impaled for such a lie. But before that we would find a way to force you to tell us the truth . . ."

Sir Austin smiled.

"Mr. Dickson is only teasing you. He's hiding everything from Scotland Yard and unfortunately he has the right to do so. But I know that he is investigating the case and he is close to finding Mr. Hingle."

The detective's face didn't show any emotion but he was not pleased by this conversation.

"I'm afraid I cannot add anything to what Scotland Yard knows already," Harry Dickson said and walked away.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness, I have no control over this man and I cannot punish him for this kind of behavior."

"Well, it's bad for Scotland Yard but good for Mr. Hingle," the Prince laughed. "I like the detective anyway . . ."

Meanwhile, Harry Dickson was trying to find Tom Wills. He saw him finally, drinking wine in a corner of the room.

"Tom," he said to him. "We don't have any time to spare. Our freedom and lives are in danger. Goldfield didn't keep the secret.

He wanted to win favor with his boss' and told him about Mr. Hingle and us. Now I understand what happened to me a few minutes ago. They wanted to scare me, to make me stop investigating the case."

"That stupid policeman doesn't even realize how much he has destroyed our plan. I'll just go get my coat and we can run away," Tom said.

A few minutes passed but Tom didn't come back. The detective became worried so he went to the cloakroom and found nobody there. He ran through the other rooms but there was no trace of Tom.

Somebody grabbed Dickson's shoulder. It was Goldfield who was laughing loudly and who made a toast:

"To victory!"

"You stupid talkative man! You can drink to the killers of my assistant now!" Dickson shouted and left the building leaving Goldfield in shock.

When he was in the street, the detective heard somebody's voice: "Mr. Dickson!"

He looked around. Where was it from? He couldn't see anybody.

"Free Mr. Hingle if you want to see Tom Wills again!"

CHAPTER 3

HARRY DICKSON'S CRIMES

"Oh, my God! Mr. Dickson, I couldn't predict what would happen," poor Goldfield was crying like a child. "You wouldn't explain anything to me . . ."

"But that was no reason to be so talkative. Now Tom is in real danger."

"Give me any orders. I'll obey all of them. I swear! I will give my life to save Tom Wills."

Goldfield's regret was so honest that Dickson agreed to accept his help.

"All right! We have to act immediately. We will have to get to the prison where Tom is held and I'm sure it's no ordinary prison. We will witness horrible things."

"It doesn't matter! You can trust me, sir. I'm your man!"

"I promise to kill everybody who tries to stop me," Dickson said in a cold, calm, decisive voice.

Goldfield couldn't help trembling.

"Good! I will not hinder you and I will help you if necessary."

Harry Dickson opened a drawer in his desk, took out two loaded guns and gave one to Goldfield.

Fifteen minutes later they were walking along dark streets. They heard Big Ben strike three. There were no people around. It was very quiet.

"Is anybody following us?" the detective asked suddenly.

Without stopping Goldfield looked back.

"I can see two men at the end of the street."

"Perfect," Dickson said and started to walk faster.

They came to the Covent Garden district where some trucks full of bread, fruit and vegetables passed them several times.

"And now?" the detective asked again.

"They are still there! They are following us for sure."

Dickson grabbed his friend and pulled him into a gate which they were passing at that moment.

"Are you going to shoot them?" Goldfield asked terrified.

"Do you still remember what you promised?" Dickson asked angrily.

"You're right, Mr. Dickson. Please, forgive me . . ."

They saw two men in the light of a streetlamp. They looked exotic with their slanting eyes. They seemed to be embarrassed because they had lost the trail.

Suddenly, two shots were heard and the men fell to the ground. Goldfield wanted to run to them but Dickson stopped him.

"It's not necessary! Two bullets are in their heads. They are dead," he said and started walking away.

The inspector wiped sweat from his forehead. He had never seen Dickson behave in this way. He had killed two people when it was possible simply to arrest them.

They came to a small house with closed shutters.

"Can't we . . .?" Goldfield started asking.

"Ring the doorbell or ask the caretaker to open up?" Dickson asked sarcastically. "No, my friend. The house is empty but I guess we'll have to use our guns again when we get inside. I can't tell you anything more now!"

He opened the door and led the inspector along a smelly corridor.

He behaved as if he had already been there before and knew the place well.

Behind the house there was a small garden with a few bushes covering the entrance to a shed.

"Be quiet!" the detective ordered.

He pulled some boards from the floor and they saw stairs to the basement. They went down and walked for quite a long time until they came to a hall lit with a single bulb.

"Take this stick and use it if necessary . . . If it isn't enough, use your gun."

Goldfield groaned, again terrified.

"Have you forgotten your promise?"

"No, but this is horrible."

"You will see really horrible things soon."

There were four doors in the hall. Dickson came to one of them and pushed it open.

"Help me, Goldfield!"

The policeman obeyed and after opening the door he immediately stepped back because the view shocked him so much.

Behind the door they saw several cells like in a prison with people tied to the walls and they heard terrible groaning and crying of prisoners.

"I can hear Tom's voice," Dickson said and jumped to look for his assistant.

He walked fast down the cells. Goldfield followed him. But suddenly they froze. In front of them there were five stakes on which four people were dying. A pool of blood covered the floor.

"Impaled!" Harry Dickson whispered.

He recognized the victims. These were the three policemen who tried to capture him at the Prince's palace. The fourth one was the gentleman with a walking stick. The fifth stake was empty, as if waiting . . .

"Mr. Dickson! These are Am Doullah's people!" Goldfield said.

"I know it very well."

Suddenly, they heard a voice:

"In this way I punish people who cannot obey my orders. You will join them if you don't answer my question. Where is Mr. Hingle?"

"I won't tell you anything!" Tom Wills' voice answered.

"I'm asking you again. Where is Mr. Hingle?" the first voice repeated.

"It is no use asking me. I won't tell you!"

"Guards, impale this man!"

Curtains on their right side opened and two servants brought out Tom Wills pulling him by his arms. Two shots were heard unexpectedly and both servants fell down.

"What happened?" the voice asked.

"He hasn't seen us," the detective said and noticed a loudspeaker hanging on the wall.

"Your Highness, Harry Dickson is here! He has saved his young assistant," one of the injured servants shouted.

"Let's get out of here!" the detective ordered.

They were walking quickly through the corridors when some figures appeared in front of them. Goldfield gave Tom one of his guns.

"Fire!" Dickson shouted.

They shot and the attackers fell to the ground dead.

"Have no mercy on these people!" the detective exclaimed.

Finally, they got out into the street.

"I guess we've been in the basement of Lord Hannover's palace. And I'm afraid that recent events may have some political consequences," Goldfield started worrying.

"Don't worry about that. I'm sure Am Doullah will not report anything to the police. We also can say nothing, even though we've seen such terrible things. Nobody would believe us. But I

swear I will take revenge for the crimes committed by Mr. Hingle," Dickson promised.

"How is Mr. Hingle connected with all this?" the inspector wanted to know.

"I can't explain it now. I still have to solve some puzzles."

"But you have caught him, haven't you? Who is he?"

"I can't tell you. It's true, Goldfield, I have imprisoned him but I don't know who he is, because I have never seen him!"

●●●

Dickson spent the next day resting but as soon as it started to get dark, he decided to go out.

"It's an awful job, Tom," he said loading his gun, "But unfortunately necessary. We have to hunt these people down like dangerous animals and I will not rest until I solve this case." He started counting: "Two in the street . . . two in the basement . . . four in the corridor . . . and four killed by the Prince himself. That's twelve altogether. It's a big number already but that's just the beginning."

Tom Wills wanted to ask him about something, but he didn't dare. However, the detective guessed what he was thinking about.

"You would like to know, just like Goldfield, what connection there is between Prince Am Doullah and Mr. Hingle's case. I don't know yet. This series of crimes looks like some sort of mathematical equation but I haven't discovered who "X" is. I still need some information. I've prepared our plan of action. I can see some results already. We've got to act! That's why our guns will be used again tonight."

"Won't we spare even one enemy?"

"No, we'll have no mercy," the detective answered.

One hour later they left the house in Baker Street and headed for the port.

"Tom," the detective said suddenly. "We are in danger. We can be caught like animals at any time, tortured and even killed."

"What are we going to do in this unpleasant neighborhood?" Tom asked.

"We'll play the role of the goat which is used in hunting tigers."

"What a great idea!" the young man exclaimed.

"Hunters who want to kill a tiger in the jungle tie a goat to a tree and that's how the tiger falls into a trap. We will be the bait but we have weapons, too, because we want to catch the king of the jungle ourselves!"

They were walking along a high wall when Harry Dickson put his hand on his assistant's shoulder.

"How many of them are there?" he asked.

"Who are you talking about?"

"To heck, about those people who are following us! Look back carefully and tell me what you see."

Tom Wills turned back his head.

"There are three men. I saw them clearly in the light of a lamp.

I think I recognize them. They are the Afghan prince's servants."

Dickson laughed.

"You will shoot the one in the middle. I will take care of the other two. You've got to kill them, remember!"

Dickson said it so decidedly that Tom felt goose bumps on his body.

But he didn't say a word and prepared his gun.

"Shoot, Tom!" Harry Dickson ordered.

The two people who the detective was aiming at fell down, but the third one didn't because Tom shot too high. The second

bullet hit him and he fell to his knees. Finally, the third shot by Dickson killed him.

At that moment they heard a terrible scream somewhere in a distance.

"Oh, God," Tom whispered. "Have you ever heard anything so horrible?"

"No," the detective answered quietly.

"But now I know that I was right. This scream has confirmed my worst suspicions. Let's go, Tom. We haven't finished our work yet today."

"What else do we have to do?" Tom asked. "Are we going to kill again?"

"Of course! We have to get rid of those beasts! We will use their own methods. We will kill them all!"

"That's awful!" Tom commented.

"If you see a scorpion or a poisonous snake sleeping on a stone, do you wait till they wake up? No! In our case we have to act in the same way."

They got into a small boat and rowed to Prince Am Doullah's yacht. The night was dark but there were reflections of light on the water.

"We have reached our destination!" the detective announced.

And suddenly both of them felt scared and horrified because they heard the terrible scream again.

They saw a small boat with only one man inside next to the yacht.

"It's not many but even that is good enough," the detective said taking out his gun.

"Done!" he said a moment later with a cruel smile.

At the same time two men appeared on board the yacht.

"Try to aim better than last time," Dickson ordered. "The one on the left is for you. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir!" Tom whispered.

"Fire!" the detective ordered quietly.

"Good job," he said a moment later when he saw the two men falling down.

"Is there anybody else on this yacht?"

"Listen!"

They heard some sounds coming from the yacht. " . . . La . . . ita . . . Ala . . . Liia-ta."

"Oh, no! It's Mr. Hingle's song!" Tom said terrified.

Harry Dickson jumped on board. Tom followed him. They saw a beam of light coming from the cabin under the deck. They went down a stairs covered with carpet which made their steps very quiet.

" . . . La . . . ita . . . Ala . . . Liia-ta."

They could see the cabin decorated with Eastern cushions and carpets through the door. A lamp made of jewels was

lighting the room. In front of a statue in the middle of the cabin they saw a small man sitting and praying.

"The Prince's personal secretary," Tom Wills whispered.

"La . . . ita . . . La . . ."

The man would have continued singing if the detective's bullet hadn't killed him.

"Five," Dickson said coldly putting his gun back into his pocket. "All together that's seventeen! The enemy's army is a lot smaller now."

"Tomorrow in the newspapers . . ." Tom started.

" . . . they will write about everything but not about this," Dickson finished.

They took a taxi and returned to Baker Street.

They could see the cabin decorated with Eastern cushions and carpets through the door. A lamp made of jewels was lighting the room. In front of a statue in the middle of the cabin they saw a small man sitting and praying.

CHAPTER 4

AN IMAGINARY TRIP

"Home, sweet home!" Tom sighed and sat down in an armchair in the detective's room. "I have never experienced such a horrible evening before."

Harry Dickson didn't answer. The young man looked at him in surprise. The detective was standing in the middle of the room, as if frozen, intensely staring at something. He was both surprised and angry.

Tom got up at first but then he sat down again. Behind the curtains he saw a hand with a gun pointing at Harry Dickson's heart.

"Please, take a seat next to Mr. Wills," a woman's voice said.

The detective obeyed realizing what the consequences would be if he made any sudden gestures. He couldn't stop staring at the gun.

The curtains moved aside and a woman, the same whom Dickson had met in the caretaker's room in Lord Hannover's palace, came out.

"You recognize me, Mr. Dickson?" she asked politely.

"I do, madam. But why have you come to visit me so unexpectedly?"

"I will ask you only one question: where is Mr. Hingle?"

"You know very well that I won't tell you that," the detective replied.

"Then I'll kill you and your assistant, Mr. Dickson! You should not be surprised because you also easily kill people who didn't do you any harm. I actually admire you. Do you know that your actions would make you very famous in Afghanistan? But I

haven't come here to talk about a few victims. Once I received an order which I didn't obey. I deserve the same kind of death as my partners. That's why I have come once again to ask you what you know about Mr. Hingle. For me it's a matter of life and death. So, can you answer my question? If you do, I guarantee that nothing bad will happen to you. On the contrary, you will receive a lot of money."

"What a beautiful speech, madam! Your English is perfect even though you are a foreigner."

"I studied at Oxford University thanks to the Prince, my father," the woman replied proudly. "Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Princess Nimillah."

Harry Dickson looked at her with hatred but also with admiration.

"I have heard your name, Your Highness. You are the traveler who has written a beautiful book about Tibet, in which you describe how much you hate England and Europe in general."

"You will soon see what I learned in that country, which is not as uncivilized as you Europeans think. I've come here to offer you not a travel book but a real trip instead."

"A final one, I guess?" Tom Wills asked.

She looked at him with contempt and said to Harry Dickson:

"I'm asking you for the last time: where is Mr. Hingle?"

"The first street on the right, it's the third house on the left, enter without knocking," Tom answered laughing.

"Shall we get ready for the trip?" the detective asked ironically.

"Of course. But it's not the trip that you are thinking about. It's a very long journey after which you will come back more submissive than before. So will you finally answer my question?"

Instead of replying Tom wanted to jump towards her, but suddenly a shot was heard and a lot of smoke appeared. Harry Dickson and Tom Wills didn't know what was happening.

"Enjoy your trip!" Princess Nimillah said loudly.

●●●

"Mr. Dickson!"

Tom moved with difficulty. He felt extremely cold. He noticed that he was half naked and that his clothes were torn. He was also very dirty.

"Don't shout so loudly, Tom," he heard the detective's voice.

The young man turned round, saw Dickson's face and asked:

"Where are we?"

"Well, I'd like to know that, too," Harry Dickson whispered. "Take a look around."

Tom's last memory was connected with the house in Baker Street. But what kind of place was this? Was it reality or just a dream? The bruise on his back hurt, there was Mr. Dickson next to him, he could touch everything. It had to be real.

They were on a beach full of yellow sand and green seaweed. In front of them the waves were crashing loudly. Behind them there was a very high cliff.

Tom moved with difficulty. He felt extremely cold. He noticed that he was half naked and that his clothes were torn. He was also very dirty.

"How did we get here?" Tom wanted to know.

Harry Dickson shrugged his shoulders. He had asked himself this question a hundred times already.

"Let's go!" he decided.

The beach was small so soon they reached the end and came back to the previous spot.

"I'm thirsty," Tom said.

He took some water into his hands and drank a little. He spat it out immediately. The water was disgusting, dirty and salty.

Harry Dickson was not able to think . . . He couldn't remember anything.

Suddenly, they saw a huge bird flying in their direction with great speed. It was one of the most dangerous sea birds: an albatross. Right over their heads it started to behave in a strange way, as if fighting with an invisible power. Then it fell to the ground. At the same time a huge leg with very sharp claws appeared from the shade of the cliff and after it the next one and many more until finally they saw an enormous hairy

body with terrible big eyes. The creature caught the bird and ate it.

"A spider as tall as a five-story building," Tom whimpered. "Mr. Dickson, tell me it's impossible."

"Yes, Tom, I'm sure it's impossible. We are only dreaming and we will wake up soon . . ." he stopped talking because he saw a crab coming to the beach from the sea. It was even bigger than the spider.

"Let's get out of here!" the detective shouted pulling Tom to the cliff.

But Tom stopped him: "Watch out! The spider is attacking us!"

The spider and the crab were coming closer and closer when they heard a quiet voice:

"Will you tell me where Mr. Hingle is?"

"It's an illusion," Dickson exclaimed hoping that he still could think logically.

"You will see in a moment that it's real!" Princess Nimillah's voice said.

"Tom!" the detective shouted when he saw the big spider catching his assistant.

"Stop with this magic! If not, I will break your arms."

"Who is it? Whose voice is it? Goldfield, is that you?"

Harry Dickson opened his eyes.

"What's happened?" he could still see the sea and the cliff but less and less clearly . . . On the beach there was a table. Oh, God, a wardrobe was there, too . . . How funny it looked! A lamp in the sky . . .

Everything changed and Dickson was again in his room sitting in the armchair next to Tom Wills. And in front of them was Princess Nimillah. She didn't have a gun any more, her hands were tied and Inspector Goldfield was standing next to her.

"This lady," Goldfield explained "is a very clever person, but she made one mistake. She was walking back and forth between the mirror and the window and that is why she attracted my attention when I was passing your house on night patrol. Mr. Dickson had given me the key to his house before so I came in and saw this woman. She was showing you these pictures and both of you were looking at them with your eyes wide open, even though you were asleep."

Harry Dickson looked at the table and noticed a picture of a beach surrounded by the sea on one side and a cliff on the other . . . Next to it he saw a spider and a crab made of plastic. Now the detective understood what had happened.

"Tibetan magic is not for us, Your Highness," he said to the Princess. "You used some poison to make us believe in this fantasy but it didn't work."

"You are right, Mr. Dickson," Princess Nimillah replied. "Because of your friend's arrival I didn't manage to get the answer to my question out of you." She hesitated and looked at the detective, "you know that you cannot arrest me, don't you?"

"It's true but it would save your life."

The Princess laughed sarcastically.

"Prison would save me? That's impossible. I haven't completed my mission so I deserve death."

She left the room without looking back. An hour later a taxi driver found her dead in the back seat of his car.

"What are we going to do now?" Goldfield asked.

"Something that you can call 'The Great Offensive,'" Harry Dickson answered.

CHAPTER 5

A GUEST

Harry Dickson woke up his assistant in the middle of the night quite unexpectedly.

"Don't turn on the light, my boy. Get dressed fast if you want to be alive tomorrow," the detective whispered.

The young man was ready within a few minutes. They sneaked out of Tom's flat as quietly as they could, behaving like burglars. The detective stopped in the corridor and listened carefully. The silence was interrupted only by rain falling on the window panes.

Suddenly, they heard a noise on the ground floor. Tom noticed that Dickson twitched.

"Let's go upstairs! Hurry!" he whispered. "I'm afraid that we may be helpless in this situation."

They went up to the top floor, then they stopped and listened again.

They heard the noise again. They had the impression that it was coming from the flat which they had just left.

"Are they people or animals?" Tom wanted to know because he was trembling in fear.

"Neither people nor animals but very dangerous. Watch out!"

Something hit the stairs a few steps below the spot where they were standing.

"To the roof!" Dickson ordered. "Hurry!"

As soon as they managed to climb through a small window, they heard a terrible scream.

"I recognize that awful scream. Do you remember it, sir? We heard it on the yacht the other night!"

"That is true," the detective replied wiping sweat from his forehead.

The scream was heard again. This time it was closer.

"Be careful, Tom. Our lives are at stake! To heck, why hadn't I predicted this?"

"What are you afraid of, sir?"

"That they will catch us and murder us like rats!"

The third scream was so close that they decided to move along the roof in order to hide behind the chimneys.

"But who is screaming?" Tom asked. "It's not a human voice."

"It's somebody in a murderous frenzy," the detective said.

"It could be one of those strange possessed crazy murderers. Where has he come from?"

Suddenly, Tom whimpered terrified.

Some figures started moving in the place where they had been standing before. In the moonlight they saw four men who looked wild and cruel.

"Let's shoot them!" Tom suggested but the detective stopped him.

"We will shoot two of them and then the other two will kill us. Look at the rope they have. It's a kind of lasso which could cause our death immediately."

Tom felt as if the rope was already on his neck.

"They've noticed us! They know we are here!"

Harry Dickson had the same impression as his assistant, he also felt the rope on his throat. He completely lost his strength when something whizzed over his head. He closed his eyes . . . But nothing happened.

He opened his eyes and saw that the same kind of rope was now tied around the necks of the four attackers. The detective tried to guess what had happened when he heard a voice:

"Go home, Mr. Dickson. Tonight you are safe. I'll pay you a visit tomorrow if you allow me."

"Of course. I will be waiting for you," Harry Dickson answered a bit unsure of what to think about this event.

●●●

Mrs. Crown came early in the morning to Dickson's flat. She put on her apron when the guest arrived.

"This gentleman says that you are expecting him."

"Let him in," the detective replied.

Tom was looking at the door rather afraid.

"Your Highness!" Harry Dickson exclaimed and bowed.

It was Prince Am Doullah himself. He smiled and said, "I would like to get straight to the point."

"I believe I know what question Your Highness would like to ask me."

"Yes?"

"Where is Mr. Hingle?"

"I would really appreciate it if you could tell me."

"You know my answer, Your Highness. It hasn't changed."

"So let's count how many people have already sacrificed their lives in this case," the Prince answered calmly. "We came to the conclusion last night that this case has cost us too much. Don't you think that we are even now? I'm not making any excuses. I admire . . . the way you kill people without hesitating."

"My task is only to protect the people of London against criminals," Dickson replied.

"I understand you, Mr. Dickson. But haven't we paid our debts?"

"Unfortunately, not yet."

Am Doullah thought for a moment and then put a black sack on the table.

"There are jewels in this sack. It's a great fortune."

Harry Dickson pushed the sack away and concentrated on putting tobacco into his pipe.

"I appreciate the fact that you have come to visit me personally but I have nothing more to say."

"Do you know, Mr. Dickson, that you are sentencing me to death?"

"No, Your Highness, you have created this punishment. First, you ordered your people to follow me and after that you did it yourself."

"You don't understand . . ." the Prince said and his face became pale. "You don't understand anything . . ."

"You have hindered me when I was trying to get closer to Mr. Hingle," the detective said.

"It's too late!" the Prince cried in despair. "It was my destiny," he added putting down his head. Then he got up and said:

"You can keep the jewels."

"All right. I'll give them to the families of Mr. Hingle's victims. I promise that nobody will know where the money is from."

"So I understand that you will not work on Mr. Hingle's case any more?"

"That is correct, Your Highness," the detective replied.

"Nobody will find out . . .?"

"Who is or who was Mr. Hingle? Nobody except for my two friends. But I guarantee that they can keep a secret."

"Do you know that you are saving thousands of lives?" the Prince asked.

"That is my job. Well, there is one thing I have to ask you for. Do not take any Europeans with you, just the rest of the people who have come here with you."

"I understand you, Mr. Dickson. I promise."

"So, do not wait. Start your voyage as soon as possible. It won't be long since there are heavy storms on the North Sea."

"Only God can judge us," Am Doullah said.

Harry Dickson and Tom Wills stood up to say goodbye to their guest.

"Mr. Dickson," the Prince whispered with a sad smile. "That poor Mr. Hingle would enjoy meeting a man such as you."

For a long time after the guest had left there was silence in the detective's room. But finally Tom dared to ask a question:

" . . . But . . . who is this Mr. Hingle?"

Dickson looked at him surprised.

"Mr. Hingle, my dear Tom? I don't know . . ."

●●●

A few days later terrible news appeared in the newspapers and on the radio:

"*Prince Am Doullah's yacht hit a rock on the North Sea and sank before any help reached it. The owner and the crew died.*"

Harry Dickson put down the newspaper.

"Well, my friends, this news means that London is finally safe and that Mr. Hingle's case is finished."

"Do you want me to go crazy?" Inspector Goldfield asked. "Are you saying that Mr. Hingle was on that yacht?"

"No, not at all. Mr. Hingle is safe and sound in London."

"Please, Dickson, stop playing this game with us," Goldfield begged.

"I was waiting for this news to explain everything to you. I'll introduce Mr. Hingle to you."

"Who is he?"

"I have told you a hundred times that I don't know. I have never seen him. But I'd like to meet him finally. Let's go!"

It was getting dark when the three friends stopped on the corner of South Dock Street. The detective found a hole in the wall and went inside.

"Are we going to the London dungeons?" Goldfield wanted to know.

"You are right. I know them very well. I have even drawn a map of them."

They were walking along a smelly river. Suddenly, Dickson knelt, put his hand into the water and after a few minutes the level of the river dropped.

"There's a lock here and behind it there's an entrance to the old underground system. Mr. Hingle is there!"

They entered a long corridor, full of smelly mud.

"This is an old sewage system, not used for thirty years," the detective explained.

Goldfield wiped cold sweat from his forehead when he thought that he might get lost somewhere down there. Harry Dickson was walking confidently, making turns and choosing the way.

Suddenly, he stopped and took a look around. There were broken boxes, cans and other things but no sign of anybody.

"That's impossible!" the detective whispered. "Where has he gone?"

"Oh, you awful beast!" Goldfield shouted suddenly killing a rat.

"What was it eating?" Tom Wills asked disgusted. "It's a human finger!"

"Look up!"

They saw something like pieces of white wood hanging from the ceiling.

"Oh, my God! It's a skeleton," Tom said.

"The man who was such a great criminal died in such a terrible way," Dickson commented.

"Are you trying to tell us that the rats have eaten him?" Tom asked shocked.

"Well, that's exactly what happened. Rats ate him alive. But maybe there is something that could help us recognize who Mr. Hingle was."

Harry Dickson pulled down the skeleton and lit it with a flashlight. It still had a face, which was frozen in pain and fear. All of them cried:

"Am Doullah! It's the Prince himself!"

Dickson was truly surprised.

"That's impossible. Prince Am Doullah paid me a visit just three days ago and this man died at least a week ago."

Suddenly, he exclaimed triumphantly:

"Hurray! I understand everything."

"So, what about this body?" Goldfield wondered.

"It's Mr. Hingle's body."

"And . . . Am Doullah's?"

"I'll explain it to you when we get back to my home," Dickson suggested.

"Oh, you awful beast!" Goldfield shouted suddenly killing a rat.

"What was it eating?" Tom Wills asked disgusted. "It's a human finger!"

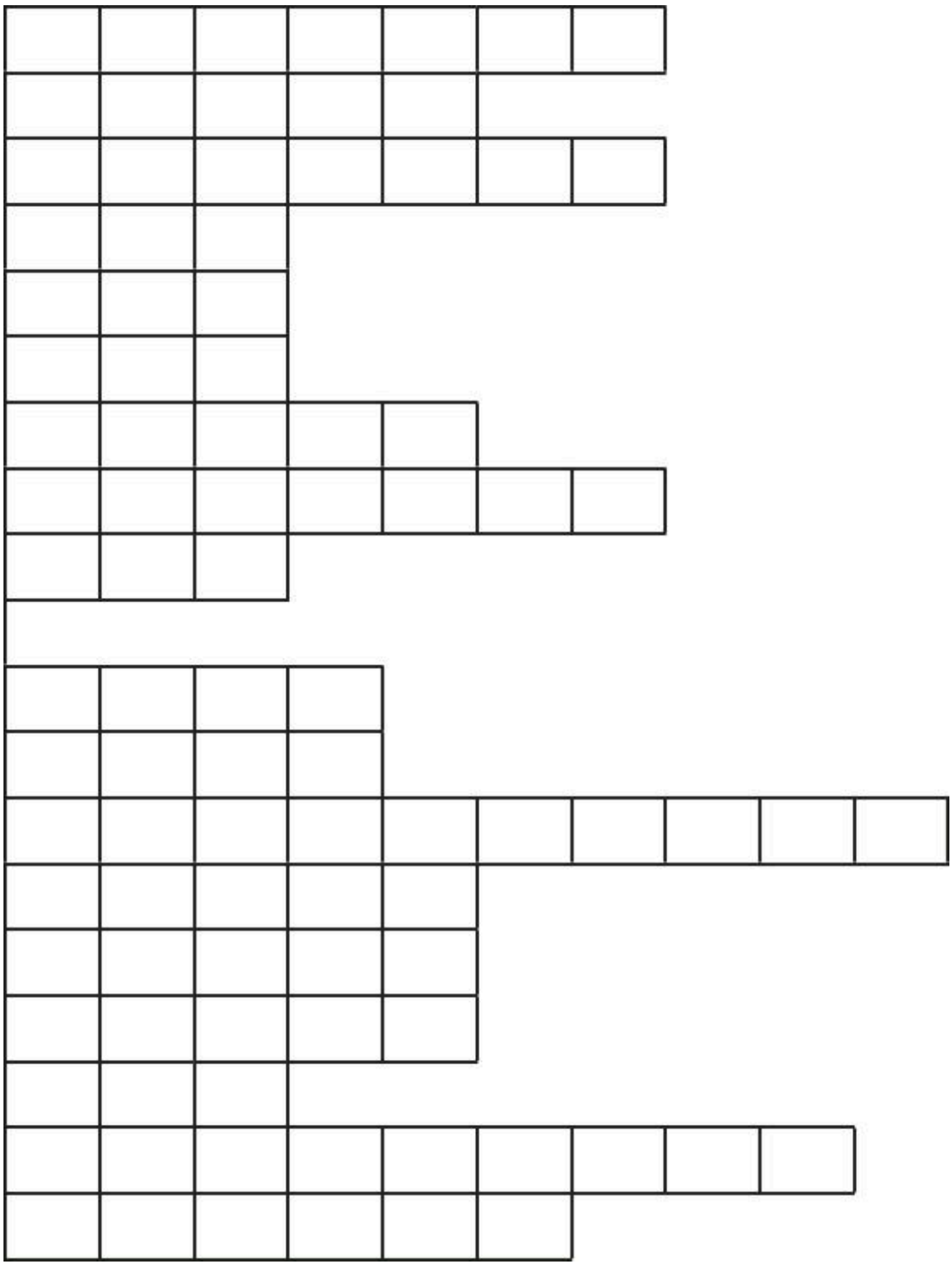
"Well," Harry Dickson started his story. "Immediately after the first murder I found Mr. Hingle. The trail led to Lord Hannover's palace which was at that time being renovated for the arrival of an exotic guest—Prince Am Doullah. I caught Mr. Hingle! I had been following him for so long that finally I managed to bring him to the dungeon and I imprisoned him. I wanted to force him to give up because of hunger but then when the Eastern guests arrived I wasn't able to put my plan into practice. At the beginning I didn't see any connection between them and Mr. Hingle. But when, as a result of Goldfield's indiscretion, first I and then Tom was attacked I started to suspect what was going on. I came to the conclusion that Mr. Hingle and Am Doullah had something in common. I kept feeding Mr. Hingle as I didn't want him to die, but these trips which I was making day and night attracted attention from the people from Afghanistan. They would make Mr. Hingle

die of hunger but, fortunately or not, he was punished in a different, more cruel way."

"But that does not explain everything," Goldfield said.

"Prince Am Doullah was very interested in criminology. He decided to try it himself. He hated England and that's why he chose our country for his experiments. His yacht arrived in London with a big group of trained murderers whose task was to kill as many people as possible. He had come here a few weeks before and committed his crimes as Mr. Hingle. Then his look-alike arrived and they were supposed to switch roles again but here I interfered. So, you can imagine how terrified his people were when they discovered that the real Prince had disappeared. They tried to do their best to find him. If they failed, they would die of torture after returning to their country. If they stayed, they would continue to terrorize London and kill innocent people. Now, do you understand why I was so cruel killing them?"

EXERCISES



Part 1: Vocabulary

Task 1:

Complete the crossword puzzle below using the given clues.

1
S

2
E

3
C

4
R

5
E

6
T

7
O

8
F

9
A

10
N

11
E

X

12
O

13
T

14
I

15
C

16
R

17
U

18
L

19

E

20

R

1. to push a knife into somebody's body

2. a person who you are fighting against

3. a long narrow passage in a building

4. the cause of something

5. a statement in mathematics

13. a person who has no home or job and moves from place to place

14. not controlled by anybody else

15. to do something bad or illegal

16. to feel sad about something that cannot be

6. something that you use for catching animals changed

7. to do what you are told to do 17. not feeling confident

8. the feeling that you have in a dangerous situation 18. a part of a canal where the level of water changes

9. to say that somebody has done something wrong 19. a collection of objects which are shown to the

10. a person who lives next to you public

11. when one side is as good as the other 20. something that you do to punish somebody who X has hurt you

12. an instruction that somebody must do something

Task 2:

Using negative prefixes (un-, dis-, im-, in-, mis-) create words with the opposite meaning:

VERBS ADJECTIVES

1. appear – ..... 1. dependent – .....
2. cover – .....2. patient – .....
3. judge – ..... 3. pleasant – .....
4. lead – .....4. polite – .....
5. load – ..... 5. suitable – .....
6. tie – ..... 6. sure – .....

Part 2: Grammar

Task 1:

Put the adjectives in brackets in a suitable form— comparative or superlative.

1. He was the ..... (rich) person who had ever visited London.
2. Nobody is ..... (wise) than Harry Dickson.
3. All the richest and ..... (famous) people in London arrived to welcome the exotic guest.
4. He became ..... (suspicious) when he saw the faces and uniforms of the policemen.

5. This scream has confirmed my ..... (bad) suspicions.

6. "Tr y to aim ..... (good) than last time," Dickson ordered Tom.

7. The enemy's army is a lot ..... (small) now.

8. It's a long trip after which you will come back ..... (submissive) than before.

9. It was one of the ..... (dangerous) sea birds: an albatross.

10. The crab was even ..... (big) than the spider.

Task 2:

Write Question Tags at the end of the sentences.

1. It's not a dream, Goldfield, ...?

2. You are planning a small deception, ...?

3. You remember what you promised, ...?

4. We will see horrible things soon, ...?

5. You saw them clearly in the light of a lamp, ...?

6. We haven't finished our work today, ...?

7. You will finally answer my question, ...?

8. You can recognize me, Mr. Dickson, ...?

9. He would like to know that, too, ...?

10. He doesn't understand, ...?

Task 3:

Use the words in brackets to form new words that will fit the gaps.

1. London at that moment was ver y (please) ..... because of the awful weather.

2. One of the victims is a (home) ..... man, the other a young engineer from Drayton.

3. His (appear) ..... must be connected with Mr. Hingle's case. I'm sure he's looking for this criminal in secret.

4. Goldfield wanted to know the secret and he was becoming enormously (patient) ..... .

5. Scotland Yard was informed that a big (exhibit) ..... of jewels would be held.

6. The Prince will enjoy the (possible) ..... of meeting the most famous detective of our times.

7. Look back (careful) ..... and tell me what you see.

8. The young man looked at him (surprise) ..... .

9. Two (serve) ..... brought Tom Wills pulling him by his hands.

10. "Tom," the detective shouted when he saw the spider catching his (assist) ..... .

Task 4:

Fill in the missing prepositions.

1. That is how Mr. Hingle arrived ..... London.

2. It's not the first time that the newspapers accuse us ..... being cowardly.

3. At this time public opinion was focused ..... a different event.

4. The Prince is extremely interested ..... criminology.

5. I will just go get my coat and we can run ..... .

6. I have no control ..... this man and I cannot punish him.

7. He opened the door and led the inspector ..... a smelly corridor.

8. Two servants brought Tom Wills pulling him ..... his arms.

9. Two people, who the detective was aiming ....., fell down to the ground.

10. We have to get rid ..... these beasts.

Task 5:

Complete the sentences below with the following words:

if that nor else be no such as so more

1. Your task now is to find the detective and remember that neither the press ..... the public can find out about it.

2. I have heard ..... he is not at your service.

3. I will invite Mr. Dickson not only ..... a detective but also as a guest.

4. I've noticed that it's more and ..... difficult to hide anything from you.

5. In my countr y you would be impaled for ..... a lie.

6. Goldfield's regret was ..... honest that he agreed to accept his help.

7. They seemed to ..... embarrassed because they had lost the trail.

8. He behaved as ..... he had already been here.

9. "Have ..... mercy killing these people," Dickson said.

10. Is there anybody ..... on this yacht?

1. nor 2. that 3. as 4. more 5. such 6. so 7. be 8. if 9. no 10. else

Solutions

rt 1:

k 1:

1. STAB	8. FEAR	14. INDEPENDENT
2. ENEMY	9. ACCUSE	15. COMMIT
3. CORRIDOR	10. NEIGHBOR	16. REGRET
4. REASON	11. EVEN	17. UNSURE
5. EQUATION	X	18. LOCK
6. TRAP	12. ORDER	19. EXHIBITION
7. OBEY	13. TRAMP	20. REVENGE

k 2:

VERBS	ADJECTIVES
1. disappear	1. independent
2. uncover, discover (different meanings)	2. impatient
3. misjudge	3. unpleasant
4. mislead	4. impolite
5. unload	5. unsuitable
6. untie	6. unsure

rt 2:

k 1:

ichest	2. wiser	3. most famous	4. more suspicious	5. worst
better	7. smaller	8. more submissive	9. most dangerous	10. bigger

k 2:

s it	2. aren't you	3. don't you	4. won't we	5. didn't you
have we	7. won't you	8. can't you	9. wouldn't he	10. does he

k 3:

npleasant	2. homeless	3. disappearance	4. impatient	5. exhibition
possibility	7. carefully	8. surprised	9. servants	10. assistant

k 4:

n 2.of 3. on 4. in 5. away 6. over 7. along 8. by 9. at 10. of

k 5:

nor 2. that 3. as 4. more 5. such 6. so 7. be 8. if 9. no 10. else

dense gęsty

nearly prawie

steamship parowiec

warn ostrzegać

coal węgiel

dock zacumować

crowded zatłoczony

customs officer celnik

board *tu*: pokład

crew załoga

rock kołysać

post słup

tied przywiązany

pier molo

pay attention to zwracać uwagę na

reach dotrzeć, osiągnąć

towards w kierunku

curb krawężnik

approach zmierzać do

stab pchnąć nożem

victim ofiara

unexplained niewyjaśniony

realize zdawać sobie sprawę

employee pracownik

accuse oskarżać

cowardly tchórzliwy

interrupt przerwać

pick up podnieść

receiver słuchawka

put down *tu*: odłożyć

cut off odcięty

homeless bezdomny

regards pozdrowienia

indeed rzeczywiście

rob obrabować

criminal przestępca

find out dowiedzieć się

commit popełnić

society społeczeństwo

servant służący

colonel pułkownik

in broad daylight w biały dzień

Ministry of Military Affairs Ministerstwo Spraw Wojskowych

awful okropny

crumple up zmiąć

bottom spód

attract przyciągać

exclaim wykrzyknąć

silence cisza

choice wybór

hopeless beznadziejny

hit (hit, hit) uderzyć

fist pięść

theft kradzież

horrible okropny

behavior zachowanie

disappearance zniknięcie

enemy wróg

slave trader handlarz niewolników

untrue nieprawdziwy

task zadanie

result in doprowadzić do

solution rozwiązanie

bench ławka

solve rozwiązać

puzzle zagadka

support wspierać

outwit przechytrzyć

experience zaznać

tear łza

tramp włóczęga

cigarette-butt niedopałek

unless chyba że

get lost spływaj

reply odpowiedzieć

sigh westchnąć

What a pity! Jaka szkoda!

helpless bezradny

beg błagać

curious ciekawy

keep sth a secret zachować coś w tajemnicy

It doesn't matter! To nie ma znaczenia!

guilty winny

imprison uwięzić

pass minąć

enormously ogromnie

impatient niecierpliwy

hide (hid, hidden) ukrywać

neither . . . nor ani … ani

event wydarzenia

be supposed to do sth mieć coś zrobić

tale opowieść

rent wynająć

exhibition wystawa

sapphire szafir

emerald szmaragd

protect ochraniać

jewel klejnot

either . . . or albo … albo

accept przyjąć

reject odrzucić

treasure skarb

honest uczciwy

bow ukłonić się

independent niezależny

introduce przedstawić

century wiek

light (lit, lit) oświetlać

invitation zaproszenie

casual codzienny, zwykły

change *tu*: przebrać się

mislead wprowadzić w błąd

notice zauważyć

replace zastąpić

entrance wejście

step krok

helmet kask

caretaker dozorca

politely uprzejmie

shadow cień

anyway tak czy inaczej

apron fartuch

suspicious podejrzany

occupied zajęty

hooked haczykowaty

question *tu*: przesłuchać

badge odznaka

request prośba

surround otaczać

walking stick laska

grab chwycić

rubber baton gumowa pałka

trap pułapka

spin *tu*: wirować

scream krzyk

whisper szeptać

smooth gładki

throw (threw, thrown) rzucać

apologize przepraszać

unsuitable nieodpowiedni

reach out wyciągnąć

shake sb's hand uścisnąć komuś dłoń

disappointed rozczarowany

impale wbić na pal

way *tu*: sposób

force zmusić

tease droczyć się

investigate *tu*: badać

add dodać

punish ukarać

meanwhile tymczasem

We don't have any time to spare Nie mamy czasu do stracenia

win favor with sb zyskać czyjeś uznanie

scare przestraszyć

destroy zniszczyć

cloakroom szatnia

trace ślad

victory zwycięstwo

talkative gadatliwy

predict przewidzieć

reason przyczyna

obey wypełniać (np. rozkazy)

swear przyrzekać

save ocalić

regret żal

act działać

prison więzienie

witness być świadkiem

trust ufać

decisive zdecydowany

couldn't help *tu*: nie mógł się powstrzymać od

tremble trząść się

hinder przeszkadzać

drawer szuflada

loaded naładowany

Big Ben a clock tower next to the Houses of Parliament in London

strike (struck, struck) *tu*: wybić godzinę

pull ciągnąć

gate brama

terrified przerażony

slanting skośny

embarrassed zażenowany

trail *tu*: trop

bullet pocisk

wipe zetrzeć

sweat pot

forehead czoło

shutter okiennica

doorbell dzwonek

lead (led, led) prowadzić

smelly śmierdzący

corridor korytarz

bush krzak

shed szopa

board *tu:* deska

stairs schody

basement piwnica

bulb żarówka

groan jęczeć

view widok

cell cela

stake pal

cover pokrywać

join dołączyć

it is no use nie ma sensu

guard strażnik

curtains zasłony

unexpectedly nieoczekiwanie

loudspeaker głośnik

Your Highness Wasza Wysokość

injured ranny

figure *tu*: postać

mercy litość

recent niedawny

take revenge zemścić się

hunt polować

altogether łącznie

dare ośmielić się

equation równanie

tonight dziś wieczorem

head for udać się w kierunku

neighborhood sąsiedztwo

goat koza

bait przynęta

weapon broń

To heck! Do licha!

take care of zatroszczyć się o

decidedly zdecydowanie

goose bumps gęsia skórka

aim at celować w

confirm potwierdzić

suspicion podejrzenie

get rid of pozbyć się

beast bestia

poisonous jadowity, trujący

snake wąż

row wiosłować

reflection odbicie

announce oświadczyć

cruel okrutny

on board sth na pokładzie czegoś

beam promień

deck pokład

cushion jasiek

statue posąg

pray modlić się

frozen *tu*: sparaliżowany

stare gapić się

gesture gest

harm krzywda

admire podziwiać

deserve zasługiwać na

on the contrary przeciwnie

speech przemowa

foreigner cudzoziemiec

proudly dumnie

hatred nienawiść

describe opisywać

instead zamiast

contempt pogarda

knock pukać

journey podróż, droga

submissive uległy

naked nagi

tear (tore, torn) drzeć

take a look rozejrzeć się

bruise siniak

hurt (hurt, hurt) boleć

sand piasek

seaweed wodorosty

wave fala

shrug your shoulders wzruszyć ramionami

previous poprzedni

thirsty spragniony

spit out (spat, spat) pluć

disgusting obrzydliwy

speed prędkość

invisible niewidzialny

claw pazur

enormous olbrzymi

creature stworzenie

spider pająk

five-story pięciopiętrowy

whimper mówić płaczliwym głosem

watch out uważać

wardrobe szafa

mirror lustro

poison trucizna

arrival przybycie

hesitate wahać się

get dress ubierać się

alive żywy

within w ciągu

sneak out wymknąć się

burglar włamywacz

pane szyba

twitch drgnąć

fear strach

roof dach

be at stake wchodzić w grę

in order aby

chimney komin

murderous frenzy morderczy szał

possessed opętany

moonlight światło księżyca

wild dziki

rope lina

throat gardło

whizz świsnąć

allow pozwalać

unsure niepewny

appreciate doceniać

count liczyć

sacrifice poświęcić

come to the conclusion dojść do wniosku

even *tu*: kwita

excuse wymówka

debt dług

sack worek

tobacco tytoń

pipe fajka

sentence skazać

pale blady

despair rozpacz

destiny przeznaczenie

voyage podróż morska

judge sądzić

rock skała

sink (sank, sunk) zatonąć

owner właściciel

safe and sound cały i zdrowy

hole dziura

dungeon loch

draw (drew, drawn) rysować

kneel (knelt, knelt) uklęknąć

lock *tu*: śluza

mud błoto

sewage ścieki

can puszka

sign znak, ślad

wood drewno

skeleton szkielet

renovate odnawiać

indiscretion niedyskrecja

sth in common coś wspólnego

feed karmić

look-alike sobowtór

switch roles zamienić się rolami

interfere wtrącać się

if they failed gdyby im się nie udało

innocent niewinny